

THE



CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1804.

NOVELIST.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER:

OR,

THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

[Continued from Page 154.]

TO the liberality of Mr. Evelyn, Francis was indebted for many luxuries which his bare pay would not have afforded; and, as he was not naturally extravagant, he seldom labored under any pecuniary inconvenience. Matilda, however, was generous in disposition to receive any obligations at his hands, and invariably refused the most trifling present.

"Why will you vex me, Edwards?" she said, when he offered her any trinket, placing me on a level with those, who, for the semblance of affection, disguise mercenary dispositions? Never do I have an idea of self-degradation, except when I make such proposals to me!—Is not my wardrobe well furnished? Have I not a plenty of baubles, which I, now, never deign to wear?—and, if I wished for others, my income, even now, would admit of the purchase:—perhaps I am growing ugly in your eyes, and you find some additional decoration necessary to keep awake your admiration."

Thus would she, half seriously, and half playfully, put him from his purpose; and, though Edwards urge it further.—Involved in retraction, he shut his eyes against a tormenting scruples, which would occasionally rise before him. Matilda had but one fault;—and of that fault he was the origin: and, while he regretted the necessity there was for acting without the advice and opinion of his best friends, he flattered himself, that, when he should with honor be able to acquaint them with every particular, he would stand justified in their eyes.

Various were the conjectures in the mess-room upon the frequent absence of Edwards; and as far as a joke could be passed, they vended to rally him. The Major, once, seriously questioned him on the subject.

"My young friend," said he, "I fear you are thought me churlish of late. Some pleasant family-concerns have made me thoughtful, and, apparently, inattentive; but

some accounts which I have heard of you give me apprehension that you have entered into some imprudent connexion:—you were not at your lodgings last night."

Edwards smiled.—"Are you always at home, major?"

"Edwards, that laugh will not do.—Perhaps I take upon me too much in thus questioning you; but, young as I am, I have had some experience in those affairs; and know that the expences attending such entanglements—"

"Stop, my Lord!" cried Edwards, interrupting him, "you are in an error; and I can assure you that I do not abuse the generosity of my patron by any expensive entanglement."

"Then my other conjectures must be still more to your disadvantage—the seduction of innocence, or the contemptible practice of profiting from a woman's favor."

Edwards coloured with indignation—

"From any other, my Lord, this language would be answered by pistol-shot."

"I know it: but, faith, I did not think you so well versed in the progressive punctillios of fashionable notoriety.—Come, come, Edwards—why these sullen looks?—unveil that little stubborn heart: you will find me your real friend."

A kind word had the power of calming the most angry passion in the breast of Edwards—he held out his hand—

"I am not able to satisfy you, though my heart is willing:—my honor is pledged!—employ not the persuasion of friendship to make me a villain."

"Very sentimental that," replied Clatterton, coolly; "but, my dear fellow, be assured, that, had I pleased, ere now I should have known the whole business, with all your sagacious plans of concealment; but I respect the secret of a friend whether imparted to me or not, and have been more zealous than yourself to guard it from prying curiosity. I have made our comrades believe that you passed the night in my apartment."

"You are too generous," replied Edwards: "Oh!—why must I conceal the truth from you?"

The servant just then entered with the bill of materials, with which the major tried

to amuse himself while Edwards finished dressing. He had not read long, when, starting from his seat, he cried out—

"Frank! my boy,—huzza!—the secret is out!"

Edwards, wondering what he meant by such an exclamation, received the paper; and, looking at the page to which Clatterton pointed, read—

"The unfortunate Mary Brown, who was executed this morning, for the murder of her husband, previous to her death confessed the motives which instigated her to such an heinous crime, which are as follows:

"About nineteen years ago, she lived servant with a lady, in — street, who went by the name of Edwards, and who had a male infant, about two months old. The said Mary Brown, then Mary Wilkins, had formed an imprudent connexion with John Brown, her late husband; who, being a man of bad principles, tempted her occasionally to the commission of petty thefts; 'till, by degrees, he so far corrupted her mind, that she scrupled not to commit an act for which she felt the deepest remorse, which was no less than setting fire to the house in which she dwelt, to conceal a robbery she had recently committed, in which fire she believed her mistress and the infant perished. The jewels, and other valuables, stolen from Mrs. Edwards, were converted into money by Brown, with whom she then absconded; and some papers, the contents of which she had never thought worth while to inspect, remained in his possession in London, among which was a certificate of marriage."

"You are now to learn," said Clatterton, "that the unfortunate maniac saved from the flames was your mother; and, as the papers may lead to an important discovery, you should hasten to town, with all possible speed: in leaving me guardian to your dulcinea, you have nothing to apprehend:—rely upon my honor and friendship."

Edwards required little urging—Clatterton procured Brown's address from the prisoners; and Edwards, after taking leave of Matilda, departed.

On his arrival at Sackville street, the door was opened by a strange servant in mourning. Francis felt a momentary alarm, from

which he was partly relieved when the servant, in answer to his inquiry for Mr. Evelyn, informed him that he was indisposed, and could see no one.

"Miss Evelyn, then—"

"Is at home, sir."

"Give her this card."

The servant returned in a few moments with the card in his hand—

"Miss Evelyn knows no such person."

A cold sickness rushed over the heart of Edwards at this message. He now doubted not that his connexion with Matilda was discovered, and that he was forever discarded from his guardian's house; but cold contempt from Georgiana stung him to the soul; and he was silently retiring, when he perceived her descending the staircase, with a light step and smiling countenance.

"Ah! Francis," said she, extending her hand; "is it you?—young impostor! come up."

Though Edwards could not comprehend the joke, he followed her to the drawing-room, where were two gentlemen in earnest conversation with Mrs. Lucretia, all of whom, as well as Georgiana, were in deep black.

"Here!" cried Miss Evelyn, "I have brought a welcome stranger; and now, perhaps, my dear aunt, you may deign to extend the sublime tip of your illustrious finger to Sir Francis Evelyn!"

Miss Lucretia extended her whole hand to the astonished youth, who vainly intreated from Georgiana a cessation from raillery so ill timed.

"No raillery in the case, I assure you," she replied gaily; "but you will not believe me;—so come directly to my father's library, and he shall explain all."

Francis now surveyed the improved person of Georgiana with admiration. The joy of the moment had diffused a glow of animation over her face, which now appeared enchanting; yet it was not her beauty that struck him;—it was expression, devoid of affectation. When she spoke, every feature added energy to her words; and even the playful vivacity of her manner was corrected by grace and dignity.

Mr. Evelyn rose, and embraced him with affectionate warmth.

"You have been very expeditious, my dear boy: I hardly could have imagined my summons had reached you."

"Nor has it, sir," replied Edwards. "I came to make search after some papers, which may throw a light upon the long-hidden mystery of my birth.—But my poor mother—how is she?"

"Much better," returned Mr. Evelyn; "but not yet well enough to bear the whole of our astonishing communication. But you seem still partly in ignorance."

"A variety of things perplex me, sir;—this sabie habit—"

Mr. Evelyn raised his handkerchief to his face; and, going to his desk, took out a letter and roll of parchment.

"Read this"—was all that he could say, and hastened out of the room with Georgiana, to overcome his emotion.

"TO MR. EVELYN."

"ANTIGUA."

"My dear brother,

"A LINGERING illness, partly occasioned by the climate, but more by the secret anguish of my mind, has reduced me to the verge of that grave which will enclose me ere you receive this. Many years of unhappiness have been my lot; the merited punishment of my early pride and folly. My increasing debility compels me to be brief.

"You may recollect hearing of the daughter of our worthy curate—the blooming Agatha. She was the object of my first affection, and I made her my wife.

"Knowing the ambitious views of my family, I easily prevailed upon the dear girl to keep our union a secret; and her pure, her ardent love for me, induced her to suffer disgrace and obscurity for my sake.—Under the assumed name of Edwards she resided in London; and my most intimate associates believed her only my mistress.

"When ordered to America, her situation would not admit of her attending me; and, a few months after my departure, I received, from her own hand, the joyful tidings that I was a father. A severe wound, which I received in a skirmish, prevented my answering this letter with my usual punctuality; and, though I felt all the delights of a father, a thousand proud, revolting thoughts damped the rising pleasure.—My affection had been but a boyish, transient emotion; and the offer of a splendid alliance made me curse the rashness that led me into the trammels of wedlock. I knew the implacability of my father's temper, and dreaded his discovery of the secret I had so selfishly concealed.

"In this state of mind, I listened to the suggestions of a greater villain; and, at his instigation, wrote a letter to her which I must ever regret. In it I informed her, that she must no longer imagine herself my wife; that the ceremony which had taken place, and deceived her was an illegal one; and that, though I should ever think it my duty to support her and the child, she must never presume to interfere in any matrimonial engagement I might thereafter form.—I further advised her, with calm deliberate villainy, to report that her husband was dead; and charged her, as she valued my peace and future protection, never to expose herself to my friends. Poor Agatha, too scrupulously obeyed me;—from that day I never heard from her again; nor could I,

when deeply repenting my cruelty and injustice, obtain any intelligence of her and the child.

"You know all my past life; but you know not the agonies which preyed upon my guilty mind.—I go to expiate all!—you, my dear brother, I leave all my estate, not doubting your honor and justice, should the injured beings ever be found from whom I had the villainy to withhold the rights of gratitude and duty; their forgiveness I presume not to expect: but from your benevolent heart, I know, a sigh of commiseration will be breathed for the suffering though guilty,"

"EVELYN."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISCELLANEOUS

COMMUNICATED FOR "THE HIVE."

For'd pity meets us with a cold respect,
Unkind as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.

THE refined, but unfortunate author of this sentiment has seen the pointed finger of scorn, and realized that friendship exists not between humble genius and imperious pride: that friends, who flaunt with us the sunshine of prosperity, will not follow us to the house of want, or set and sooth in the shade of adversity.

What a miserable wretch is man, whose every faculty of his soul is subdued to a small circle of animal and selfish gratification; and how contemptible is he, whose every passion, desire and appetite is trained and tutored, like a pack of blood-hounds, to follow the scent of lusty ambition, and the brazen-horn of every varying fashion. Let crack-brained philosophers talk of imitating the noble impulses of nature, and regulating their conduct by the decisions of biased reason; whip me such muck-scoffs, who put the soul into a measure and measure the pulsations of the heart with a pendulum. I like much better the hose of Sancho Panza, and the stiff philosophy of Corporal Trim. Pretences and professions have been too often substituted for reality, but as it is a polite knavery, and much encouraged, and practised, by men in high life—and all this under the solemnity of "upon my honour" the statute against perjury will not reach the offender, and of course, for this world's logic, no one is forsworn, though many are deluded and destroyed.

Look, sir—at Alberto! You remember he was a blooming, cheerful, and witty ciple of Apollo—with how much pride, B—, &c. &c. used to delight in his company. He then stood in need of no assistance. How wan, and pale, and weary he looks! His cheek is wet with tears—they fall not before men: they are the unions of silent meditation, and fall

membrance of *friendship* debased by fraud, and expectations excited only to delude. He can now, in the bitterness of his soul exclaim—

“I am sick of this bad world !

“The day light and the sun grow painful to me.”

Yes, Alberto ! the eye of sensibility can behold, in the lambent flame, that plays around the pallid cheek, “proof strong as holy writ,” that thy soul is more agonized by the mockery of miserable man, than by the pelting storm of poverty. In the mirror of each melting tear is seen the unmasked and haggard features of falshood and flattery ; once by thee supposed the lieaments of *friendship* ; but the wretch who has deceived thee, will not trace the likeness. The man of high life will never estimate thy sensibility ; but call every broken sigh the curse of weakness. The man of business will never make a draft on thy virtue, in exchange for his wares—and what does the parasite produce for his profered friendship ? base *insinuations* and cold *conceit*. His promises were made in the day of thy *prosperity*, when thy purse was full and thy hand was liberal ; when his cold heart was warmed by the beams of thy benevolence. Believe me, every cordial squeeze by the hand, every smirking smile, every luring lie, were as mechanical as the motions of a mace, and as pointed as the cue of a gamester—aimed at thy table, thy pocket, and thy purse. Now the wily wolf hath slain thy ewe lamb, and the swine of Epicurus eaten up thy barrel of meal—are not thine ears thrilled with the varying notes of pity and condolence ? Does not thine heart melt within thee, at the proof of benevolence rewarded, at the daily and delicate demonstrations of friendship, “pure as the breath of heaven ? By all that’s good ! I have probed thy wounds and made them bleed afresh ; ’twas basely done, and I will wash them with my tears.

Those who have basked on beds of myrtle, in the sunshine of wealth and wisdom ; who have sported in the fairy regions of fancy, and scaled the heaven of thought ; who have subdued sordid passion, and despised the low family of *craft*, yet, finally, have been outwitted by worldly wisdom, and made dependent on the cold charity of the craving, pitiful, and mean : such only can rightly estimate the situation and sentiments of Alberto. Where, O deluded and desponding man—where is the cheerful countenance, and generous feast, the cordial welcome, and soothing salutations, which awaited the rattling of thy chariot wheels ? gone off with thy coachman, or bartered away for some speculating scoundrel’s sparkling wine. If thou art greeted, in some by-way, with a plain “how-d’ye-do ?” or art invited, when storms blacken the hemisphere and none but the needy are abroad, to go in and pick a

bone, with a *quandam friend* ; it is more than has fallen to the lot of many—it is more than the soul of sentiment can suffer.

There is no man, who feels the dignity of a virtuous and ennobled mind, but would rather pass by the pouting lips of scorn, than shake the cold hand of *formal friendship*.—To him no occurrence is so mortifying, as to receive *mere civility* from those with whom he had been on terms of unreserved intimacy ; between whom had been a continual interchange of kind offices, and which an alteration of pecuniary circumstances alone had destroyed. Though the finely attenuated frame, of the studious and sympathetic man, is but miserably calculated for the pitiless storms of adversity ; yet, when poverty and all her haggard train advance, he can step forth and greet them like a philosopher, he can entertain them in his little hut like a christian ; but, when he stands in the cold, pinched by penury, and beholds one neighbor, wrapt in fur, passing heedlessly by, and a *pretending friend*, directly in his view, kindling a fire, killing a fat calf, without even recognizing him by a nod—then, by heavens ! ’tis more than poor human nature can bear. Y.

PLEASURES OF SPRING.

Thus, while the rosy blooming May !

Steals blushing on, together let us walk ;

The opening flowers we’ll gather as we stray,

And tender tales of love shall be our talk.

SAY, ye most refined thinkers on human bliss, from what natural incident can you derive so many sources of grateful enjoyment, as from the earth appareled in verdure, and the heavens again smiling over the labors of men, dropping with dew !—What an innocent feast to the senses is presented in every field, on every hill, in every vale ! To what point can we turn the hurrying, eager eye, where it is not captivated and sweetly delayed ; where it is not satisfied and refreshed ? With what wild, yet chaste a fancy, has nature mixed her colours, how gaily painted her robe ! How bountifully has she scattered her flowery blossoms ! With what luxuriance has she flung her odours ; and, what delightful melody does she waken from the grove ! While every sense is pleased, the organs of each are strengthened : for cheerfulness is inspired by the scene, and health is caught in the gale. The morning sun himself seems to rest over the view, and dispense his most benignant smiles on the infant year. The delights of this season, from charming the body, pass to the mind. The manner in which they influence each other, we know not, we are only certain of the fact ; and few, I believe, but will allow, that they have felt an unusual serenity, liveliness and joy, while the surrounding objects were conge-

nial to such dispositions : when the garden breathed perfume, and the gladdened choir of the woods poured forth the notes of rapture.

ON SNUFF TAKING.

EVERY professed, inveterate and incurable snuff taker, at a moderate calculation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes one minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff taking day, amount to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten, amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff taker’s life will be dedicated to tickling the nose, and two more to blowing it. The expence of snuff, snuff boxes, snuff handkerchiefs, washing, &c. cannot be reasonably rated to encroach less on his purse than on his time—thus it will appear by a proper application of the time and money thus lost, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of many debts.

FRENCH FASHIONS.

A LADY writes from Paris, that during the preparations for the invasion of England—*Buonaparte is trembling, Moreau blushing, Carnot laughing, Berthier shuddering, Sieyes smiling, Talleyrand sighing, Fouché groaning, the Generals bowing, the Admirals sneering, the Soldiers singing, the Sailors crying, the Merchants grumbling, the Clergy praying, and the People paying.*

APHORISMS.

MAN is made for nobler purposes, than the drudgery of the world.

There is no better way to learn than to teach.

He who never changed any of his *opinions*, never corrected any of his *mistakes* ; and he who was never *wise* enough to find mistakes in himself, will not be *charitable* enough to excuse them in others.

He keeps the best table, who surrounds it with the best company.

Manchester, March 21, 1804.

DIED, in this borough, on Monday last, Mr. ROBERT LOCKHART, in the 33d year of his age. He was a man steady in his principles, upright in his dealings, a valuable citizen, and a firm, yet liberal christian. Plain and agreeable manners, correct judgment, and goodness of heart, placed him high in the esteem of all his acquaintances. [Intelligencer.]

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

Mr. M^cDOWELL,

The following, written by a young Lady, not possessed of a liberal education, happening, inadvertently, to come into my hands; and thinking it the presage of a good natural genius, you will much oblige me by inserting it. A.

THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

IN Village liv'd, remote from Cities gay,
A Maiden fair, who bore the lovely sway,
O'er Swain's, who daily courted for a smile;
Her charms did so their youthful hearts beguile.

They in her presence told the witty tale,
And trac'd her footsteps in the dewy vale.
They sigh'd by love's deluding charms oppress'd—
Their lots bemoan'd—their tender love confess'd.

In vain they sigh'd—in vain their love renew'd;
Her harden'd heart their plaintive tales withstood.
So conscious of her tyrannizing sway,
She frown'd contemptuous on their mournful lay.

At length, a youth from *Gallia's* shores return'd,
Whose breast, for many fair ones, oft had burn'd;
By reason taught, those fatal snares to shun,
By which so many Swains had been undone!

She saw the youth—her breast with ardor glow'd,
(For nature on him had her charms bestow'd;)
Her breast, 'till now, was not by love inspir'd,
Nor had she, even, any Swain desir'd.

Sly Cupid, now, had mark'd her for his prey,
She knew not what to think—nor what to say;
Her perturbed breast quite fraught with woe,
The bitterest pangs of love must undergo.

He saw her anguish—but resolv'd to act
The horrors part,—her love still more attract;
And by those means to check her wanton pride,
Because to others, comfort she deny'd.

Full oft she cried, "why did I thus refrain
To ease and comfort each poor love-sick Swain?
'Tis vengeance now, has lit upon my head,
No peace I'll have 'till number'd with the dead."

On the present Fashion of Short Jackets.

"STOP, stop, you rogue," cried crazy Jack,
And seiz'd a modern beau;
The thing, alarm'd, bow'd low and said,
"An't please you, sir, I'll go."

"Not you, by Jove, you're caught at last,
"For all the world can see,
"You're he that plays so many pranks—
"You're Mr. No-body."

COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

RESIGNATION.

O GOD! whose thunders shake the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy and thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial night,
Are past the pow'r of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in this trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows on thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love—thy justice fear.

If in this bosom ought but thee,
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy take the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why, drooping, seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain;
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still,
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals, feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank the inflictor of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun reveals.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

LIKE a Maiden, shy and fearful,
Hidden now by turns, and seen,
Frownest now, and now art cheerful,
SPRING, creation's fickle queen.

Winter's wither'd clutches hold thee,
Doating on thy youthful charms;
Summer, longing to unfold thee,
Pulls thee to his ardent arms.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

MAKE one end of a rope fast over a beam,
With a slip-knot at the other extreme;
Then underneath let a cricket be set,
On which let the Lover most manfully get;
The cricket kick down—let him take a fair swing,
And leave all the rest to the strength of the string!

TO A BAD FIDDLER.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old Nick,
But thou mov'st nothing, but—thy FIDDLE-STICK.

HUMORIST.

A DISPUTE happening between two officers on board a vessel, whose crew was a mixture of English and Irish, the officer who was partial to the latter country, asserted, that the lower class of English did not inherit that quickness of intellect which the Irish possessed:—a bet having taken place upon the subject, it was to be decided by the answer which each countryman gave to a question that was proposed. The question was first proposed to the English Sailor, and it was, "what he would take to go aloft blind-folded in a hard gale?" "I would take a month's pay," replied the fellow. "And you, Paddy, what would you take?"—"Why, my dear honey," replied he, "I would, indeed, take a very fast hold."

TWO men of the sword, one from Virginia and the other from Kentucky, meeting at a tavern in Pennsylvania, over a bottle of wine, an altercation took place, which ended in a challenge from the Virginian and was accepted by the Kentuckian. The second were chosen and the preliminaries agreed on: which were, that they should stand back to back and march, and neither to fire 'till both had wheeled. They took their stand and both marched; the Virginian turned and saw his antagonist still marching forward, cried out, "where are you going?" to which the other answered, casting his eye over his right shoulder, "I am going to Kentucky, sir."

AS a gentleman with his servant were, one frosty morning, riding through a river together, the gentleman's horse stumbled and threw him into the water, and then fell to drinking: at which the servant laughed very heartily. "Sirrah, do you laugh at me?" said the gentleman. "No sir," said the servant, "I don't laugh at you, but I laugh to think that your horse can't drink without a TOAST this cold morning."

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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